

WHAT DID YOU SEE TODAY?

"A FORD A DAY."

Special Additional Daily Prize for Contributors to This Page for Four Weeks.
OPEN TO ALL READERS
Name of Winner in To-Night's Pictorial Edition.

MANHATTAN

PAGE MR. HERRMANN.
A friend who has a rooming house on East 125th Street told me to-day while I was visiting her that there was a woman who had been in the house with a roomer friend and evading her to avoid paying room rent. She asked me to go with her while she tried to find the elusive one and we went to the apartment of the roomer, whom we found sitting on a folding couch. My friend spent a long time sweeping, dusting and cleaning the room, during which the girl sat on the couch. It was apparent the roomer had hidden her friend inside the couch, and finally my friend opened it, assisted the girl to climb from her embarrassing position, and had her talk with her—Mrs. Marie Walsh, No. 324 East 125th Street.

FINALLY SOME ONE SAID HOWDY!
I have been in New York more than a month, yet the first time I have had a stranger speak to me as if I were a human being occurred this morning when the cashier of a restaurant on 34th Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, started me with a hearty "Well, how are you this morning?" as I approached him to pay my check. And he actually said "Thank you" as I was departing.—Lert Mendel, No. 461 Eighth Avenue.

A RACE ON THE BAR.
Between Huntington and Melville, L. I., last night I stopped at a road house for a drink of soda. The bartender asked me to wait until after the "race." I inquired what he meant. His reply was to produce a box. He asked a party of men if all bets were laid. He opened the box and six roaches, each with a number, darted along the bar to a line a few feet away. "No. 5" won by a "neck." The bartender was the bookmaker, starter and judge, and the lucky bettor bet the crowd to drink.—George Fey, No. 49 Rector Street.

NOT THE WORK OF FIVE OR TEN MINUTES.
Walking along Centre Street at noon to-day I saw a small crowd gathered about a young woman who was seated on a camp stool. She was making a party of men if all bets were laid. He opened the box and six roaches, each with a number, darted along the bar to a line a few feet away. "No. 5" won by a "neck." The bartender was the bookmaker, starter and judge, and the lucky bettor bet the crowd to drink.—George Fey, No. 49 Rector Street.

BUT THERE WAS NO FIGHT.
At Tenth Avenue and 43d Street I saw a big lumber truck coming down Tenth Avenue almost collide with another truck rounding the corner from 43d Street. The drivers of both trucks jumped off in the excitement and I looked for a mix-up, when suddenly the driver of the one truck stopped short and said to the chauffeur of the lumber truck, "Pardon me, ladies first." Sure enough the latter was a woman, so outfitted in khaki and sweater, with her hair done up tightly under her cap, that her sex was almost concealed.—Pauline Engel, No. 102 East 114th Street.

PROTECTING HER FROM OLD SOL.
On upper Broadway I saw a window dresser in a prominent shop remove a gown from a figure, leaving the wax model dressed only in tissue paper and a petticoat. He then mysteriously pinned a large sheet of paper about her body so that her features would not be visible to the passerby.—Margaret Merriman, No. 122 East 59th Street.

WELL, IT COULD HAPPEN.
While at the corner of Sixth Avenue and 15th Street to-day I saw an automobile come within a few inches of hitting a pedestrian. Then imagine my surprise when, instead of the usual abuse of one to another, I heard the driver say, "Sorry, old man!" and receive in reply, "That's all right; you didn't hit me."—Harry A. Sanger, No. 62 St. Nicholas Place.

FROM THE BIRTHPLACE OF THIEF.
Are the Scotch thifts? Well, any! Coming out of an Eighth Avenue cigar store on Saturday a boy of ten asked us for the cigar coupons. He was Scotch as Robbin Burns and told me he had been in America two days.—Peter Cassidy Jr., No. 412 West 57th Street.

"AND ARE THERE YOUR BEST STAMPS?"
In a drug store on Lexington Avenue I saw a richly dressed woman who exhaled impudence and self-esteem, occupy a quarter of an hour of a clerk's time looking at various articles and then purchase a recent stamp. She said she would try elsewhere for her other needs.—John Gray, No. 321 East 23d Street.

SOMEbody's SONS.
I saw three American War Mothers taking a lot of disabled soldiers from Borden Hospital to the War Mothers' camp at Interpate Park. There the mothers cooked a fine meal for the boys and then they and the boys danced and sang and danced for those who were able to dance. Every one of those soldiers insisted upon trying to do something to add to the kindness shown him. Mary E. Daniels, No. 26 Post Avenue.

FREE SHOW.
To-day in my neighborhood on West 40th Street I saw a large crowd gathered on the sidewalk and in the street. Men, women and children were coming from every direction, making the crowd larger. I drove near, timidly, fearing some one had been hurt. Then as I got at the edge of the mob, I saw they were all looking at a pile of coal on the sidewalk. Only coal, but the sight of it had caused men to forget their business, children their play and women their homes. Every one was staring in amazement at a pile of mere coal.—Anna E. Mullins, No. 436 West 40th Street.

A BRAVE MAN.
While "buying back" my hat in the check room of a fashionable up-town restaurant I saw the most courageous man in New York. He presented his hat and asked to be paid for an identical check. "Is there any charge for that?" and, assured there was not, made a sweeping bow, said "Thank you" and walked out without giving the checker a tip.—M. Lincoln Schuster, No. 270 West 57th Street.

ALL FOR LOVE OF A LADY.
Fighting with a girl who was walking on the sidewalk at Madison Avenue and 104th Street, the chauffeur of a truck loaded with eggs failed to notice a hole in the pavement and I saw a case containing thirty dozen eggs topple off. Barges! The eggs were scrambled in the gutter.—Mrs. Anna Berstein, No. 60 East 104th Street.

WHERE THE HEART IS.
The best thing I have seen for a long time is what I see now—our little apartment, thoroughly renovated and redecorated, for which we pay \$32.50 a month less than we paid for an identical apartment in the same house last year, furnished. During the two years we have lived in New York, hoping always we could go back home, we have made good use of other people's shabby, mislaid furniture. Now we have our own—largely second hand, but made nice and attractive with paint and polish. It's so much fun making a home this way that we don't want to leave New York now over.—Della T. Wright, No. 189 Claremont Avenue.

AND IT'S SO SILENT HE GETS A BALL NOWADAYS.
At the Polo Grounds I saw a man bespeckled out of keeping a foul ball he had caught as he sat in the grandstand near me. Quickly he tucked the ball beneath his coat, when his wife spoke up, "John don't you dare keep that ball," she admonished. John glared his eyes on the game. "John, did you hear me?" "JOHN!" said Friend Wife, "I wish you'd resign." John tossed the ball to the field.—Frank Fox, No. 1556 Kelly Street, Bronx.

SMALL TIME.
Memo upon the habit of depending upon the time of a clock in a window of a tailor shop on Bergen Avenue. This morning I noticed that the clock had stopped, but that the shopkeeper had put an alarm clock beneath it, and the little friend of early rising was ticking out the correct time.—Erwin Schmidt, No. 413 East 148th Street, Bronx.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES.
I saw two peddlers attracting not a little attention and a rather brisk trade at Delancey and Orchard Streets to-day by knocking each other's goods. They were both carrying a large basket of goods and were pushing them toward their friendly talk that they were partners and had hit upon that novel method of stirring up business.—J. Shapiro, No. 250 Grand Street.

"SOMETHING IN A HAT."
In a hat store on 125th Street last night the salesman who was waiting on me was trying to sell me a hat and he was trying on hats for an hour and a half. The fussy one had pulled before him hats of all kinds—velours, velours, felt hats, in every shape and color, but still none seemed to satisfy him. Each salesman had tried to make the sale, and now they were hoping silently he would leave so they could close the shop.—Thomas A. Kavanagh, No. 543 W. 125th Street.

ASLEEP IN THE DEEP.
I was working for fifteen hours when I knocked off at 4 o'clock this morning. I was pretty much all in and fell asleep on the "L" train. I should have got off at 53th Street, but I didn't awake until we got to the end of the line at 155th Street. I determined I'd not be caught so on the return trip, but I didn't awake until we reached South Ferry. This time I heard a paper and tried to read. I came to with a start and discovered I was at 93d Street. Then, paying another fare, I stood up until we reached my station. Now the funny part of it is that I couldn't go to sleep after getting into bed for three hours, and I was up again at 3 in the afternoon, with only four hours of sleep.—G. A. McInnes, No. 181 West 96th Street.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM TEXAS.
In the State Theatre, between excellent performances, there was a wild scramble for seats which left one aged lady standing. Walking with a cane, she started for the rear when a gentleman arose and gave her his seat. When I had the honor of shaking his hand he told me he was from Texas.—Arthur Halbrun, No. 505 West 44th Street.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.
If your contribution does not appear on the day following that on which it was mailed, do not be discouraged. It may appear a day or two later.
All contributions are read. Awards are made for merit. Receipt of one prize does not bar the receipt of others. Several contributors have received three prizes for one story—the \$100 paid for each story printed, the \$25 prize for the day's best story and the \$100 prize for the best story of the week.
Definite time and location of incidents described in contributions count in making awards.

EVENING WORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS REPORTED BY EVENING WORLD READERS

To make this news feature even more entertaining and interesting Special Prizes are to be awarded Daily and Weekly. One Dollar is paid for every item printed; the prizes are in addition. Send them to "What Did You See?" Editor, Evening World, Post Office Box 185, City Hall Station. WRITE ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

TELL YOUR STORY, IF POSSIBLE, IN NOT MORE THAN 125 WORDS. STATE WHERE THE THING WRITTEN ABOUT TOOK PLACE. WRITE YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS CAREFULLY AND IN FULL. CHECKS MAILED DAILY. For the best stories each day: SPECIAL PRIZE, A FORD CAR A DAY FOR FOUR WEEKS; FIRST CASH PRIZE, \$25; SECOND CASH PRIZE, \$10; THIRD CASH PRIZE, \$5. TEN PRIZES OF \$2 each for next best stories.

If you witness a serious accident, the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, telephone Beekman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

BRONX

THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN.

To-day I saw an old man, an inmate of Ward's Island, standing as close to the water's edge as the attendants would permit, raising and lowering two small flags, and learned that every morning and evening he thus salutes Sound steamers as they go through Hell Gate. He never fails to get an answering salute.
He formerly was a sea captain, I found out, and still delights in recalling the days when his life was spent on the deep.—Mrs. Minnie Zimmler, No. 2185 Liel Street, Bronx.



"LEST WE FORGET."
The men seated in a Third Avenue elevated car buried their faces in their newspapers last evening as a one-legged soldier, on whose breast were several medals, entered. A white-haired little lady rose from her seat and insisted that the soldier take it, which he did reluctantly. She came to stand on the platform where I was standing, and I noticed she wore a small service pin on which were two tiny gold stars. The incident made me wonder what the old man had done for his country, who wouldn't give a seat to one of her wounded heroes.—Jack Sperana, No. 41 East 162d Street, Bronx.

EN ROUTE TO REFORMATORIES.
This evening on 95th Street, between Columbus Avenue and Central Park West, I saw several boys about twelve years of age in a game that was new to me. They were armed with bean shooters and pebbles, which they shot at the electric light globes on poles. As soon as a globe was broken they ran. In a few minutes, after assuring themselves no policeman had approached, they started all over again.—Maurice Robinson, No. 141 Nagle Avenue, Bronx.

INCOMPETENT SQUIRREL.
I was sitting on a bench in Crotona Park to-day when suddenly I felt something hit me on the head. Thinking some prankish children were near, I looked around but saw none. Again something hit me on the head, and again I looked around, but saw none. I was up in the tree, and I had to laugh. There on a branch above me sat the friskiest, brightest, grayest little squirrel I ever saw gathering nuts for the winter and letting some of them fall on me.—Ann Ahlers, No. 774 East 179th Street, Bronx.

WASNT SHOCKED.
I saw a short-skirted, long-haired flapper on a subway train apparently seek to shock an old lady who was seated opposite her by raising her skirt and taking a handkerchief from a pocket in her pink silk hose. But instead of being shocked, the old lady smiled and proved her own up-to-date-ness by lifting her long silk skirt and taking a handkerchief from a pocket in her petticoat.—Mrs. E. Early, No. 60 West 135th Street, Bronx.

ROMANCE COMES TO IRVING PLACE.
On Irving Place this afternoon I saw a smiling young man hand to a girl a smiling young lady a velvet jewel box, saw her gasp in delighted astonishment as she opened it, and as I passed I noted that the box held a beautiful diamond ring. The rest I imagined.—Carolyn Rothenberg, No. 479 Convent Avenue, Bronx.

DIRTY WORK AT SEA.
I learned to-day a way to beat the high cost of laundry work. I saw a King Island lighter passing our boat at Mariners' Harbor. I saw a deckhand pile his laundry to a line and throw it over the stern into the water. As the boat steamed along the churning of the propeller cleaned the clothes, the principle being the same as that of a washing machine. By the time the lighter reached the Statue of Liberty the clothes should have been "white as foam."—R. Wilson, No. 2705 Richmond Terrace, Mariners' Harbor, S. I.

THE PRECIOUS ROSE.
I saw our telephone operator sitting with her feet hidden under her in her chair. She held out a pair of silk stockings in front of an electric fan to dry. She told me she had got her shoes wet and had given them to the engineer, but she wouldn't trust her silk stockings to him. "They're the only pair I've got," she said, "and I'm not taking any chances on losing them."—Vernon Holbert, No. 101 Lexington Avenue, Fort Richmond, S. I.

Special Prizes
Ford Car
(Winners of Ford Prize please report immediately to City Editor, Evening World, for identification.)
First Cash Prize, \$25
BEATRICE CAMBELL, No. 27 Vernon Terrace, East Orange, N. J.
Second Cash Prize, \$10
MRS. KOENIGLUTH, No. 268 Linden Avenue, Brooklyn.
Third Cash Prize, \$5
HENRY M. CARL, No. 525 West 121st Street.
Ten Prizes of \$2 Each
JOSEPH A. McDONALD, No. 116 East 90th Street.
ETHEL M. ALLEN, No. 612 West 115th Street.
LOUIS JACOBS, No. 809 East 160th Street, Bronx.
I. REINSTEIN, No. 150 West 107th Avenue, New Brighton, S. I.
MRS. LOTTIE A. FURMAN, No. 6301 Amboy Road, Anna-Naple, S. I.
MAURICE E. O'CONNOR, No. 831 Hamilton Street, Stapleton, S. I.
JAMES J. NOLAN, No. 144 Guernsey Street, Brooklyn.
JEANETTE F. BUTCHER, No. 1568 Queens Avenue, Brooklyn.
ATOLPH LINDO, No. 321 Davis Street, Arlington, N. J.
L. E. DE VALL, Box 15, Mount Tremper, Ulster County, N. Y.

Read to-day's stories. Pick the ones you think best. Winners will be announced in this evening's Night Pictorial (Green Sheet) edition and in other editions to-morrow.

OUT OF TOWN

DISAPPEARING SWEATER.

To-day I saw a woman crossing Military Park, Newark, N. J., stop to buy a paper from the newsie. She delved into a knitting bag for her purse, gave the boy an extra coin, patted him on the cheek, and as I came abreast of her, remarked to me, "I love these little fellows. The smile this one just gave me is a sure sign something good will happen to me."

One end of an almost completed sweater was sticking out of her bag, which I admired. She took it out and showed it to me. It was a beautiful blue silk affair, more than three-quarters done.

We started on again. When we had about crossed the park she happened to glance back. As far as we could see was a trail of blue yarn. Examining her bag she found she had only a few rows of knitting left of her nearly finished sweater.

I've been wondering if she still believes a newsboy's smile is a good omen.—Mrs. Pauline V. Francis, No. 56 Willoughby Street, Newark, N. J.



A LITTLE LADY OF THE PERIOD.
Looking from my window I saw a young girl whose head, wrists and knees were banded today, I saw by the indicator that one elevator was coming down with a speed which suggested it was falling. It stopped with a jerk, its door swung open and out poured a great volume of water. Its occupants were dripping. Inquiry elicited the fact that a water pipe had burst on the top floor.—W. Waring, No. 89 Bruce Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

A SHOT AT RANDOM.
Last night on a South Orange bus a crowd rushed in at Broad and Market Streets and the driver, apparently uncertain whether all had paid, yelled back into the car. "One more fare, please." Three persons, their faces very red, and quite unaware of each other, edged forward and paid up. A guilty conscience certainly does creep one's style.—F. W. Swartz, No. 171 South Ninth Street, Newark, N. J.

DRINKING IN THE BARN.
In the barn to-day I saw a mother hen, after drinking from a bowl of milk that was too high for her chicks to reach, fill her bill and then let it run out in a little pool, from which the chicks drank.—Carolyn Meyerhoff, Westwood, N. J.

A CALL FOR HELP.
In Keith's Theatre I witnessed a touching exhibition of the natural impulse of children to help those in trouble. Directly in front of me sat a little girl of perhaps four, with her grown-up sister. Immediately following the feature picture came a performer called Colville in "aerial gymnastics." Standing on the trapeze the performer appeared to be plunging headlong to the stage, but in the nick of time, of course, his feet were caught in the corners of the swing and he swung suspended. He repeated the trick a second time and I heard the little girl gasping. Then the aerialist swung from side to side and appeared to be falling again. In a pitiful treble, filled with anxiety and fear, the child turned bravely to the house and exclaimed, "Cats him! cats him, somebody! Cats him!" It almost broke up the show.—John Krzesicki, No. 133 Railroad Avenue, Jersey City.

PIETY IN PLAINFIELD.
On East Front Street I was watching a Sunday School parade with its banners, floats, etc., when a hearty "God bless you" burst from the lips of an elderly man standing beside me. I thought the words had been evoked by the impression the parade had made upon him, but recollected having heard loud sneeze just previous.—Henry C. Royster, No. 121 East Front Street, Plainfield, N. J.

WHERE? WHERE? WHERE?
Setting myself on an Erie train last evening I waited to see what the day's happenings would be, for something always happens on an Erie train. It was not long in coming. We had been going not more than ten minutes when we came to a stop. Some heads were poked out of windows and with a roar of laughter we learned that our engine was beating it down the tracks without us. The old girl was galloping merrily along all of seven miles an hour and didn't miss us until she was a mile away. With the help of a needle and a piece of rope we finally hitched her up again and proceeded on our way.—R. H. Hume, No. 127 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

IS FAR OFF WESTCHESTER.
The water supply has been cut off at Putnam and the people of Westchester have been depending on a shallow spring. To-day a surveying party came down a country lane carrying buckets as we used to do in the country. Knocking beside the spring was a woman washing vegetables. One woman threatened to bring her clothes there and another her baby. Everyone was washing stories. The country land, the woods, the lack of automobiles and even telegraph poles, made one think for a moment that we had slipped back a hundred years in our civilization.—Nancy Woods Walburn, Haverford, N. Y.

WEEKLY PRIZES.

Regular CAPITAL PRIZES for the Best Stories of the Week to Be Distributed Among DAILY Prize Winners Other Than Those to Whom the Ford Cars are Awarded: FIRST, \$100; SECOND, \$50; THIRD, \$25; FOURTH, \$10.

BROOKLYN GUM GAME.

While waiting for a train this afternoon at the Flushing Avenue Station I saw three or four persons drop coins in a gum machine without getting any results. One or two of them talked about it, one man in forceful language. When the excitement died down I saw two small boys approach the machine. One of them pulled some little wads of paper out of it. This appeared to release the gum that the grown-ups had paid for. When the "divvy" was completed each of the boys had a handful of gum.—Maclyn Sternberg, No. 172 Varet Street, Brooklyn.

A HUSBAND TO BE DEFENDED UPON.

The stores were crowded to-night and I had been shopping for two hours before I got everything I wanted. My husband was waiting to carry the packages home, but when he saw them all he complained. However, there was no delivery boy about, so he loaded them into his arms and started off. Outside the store we saw a delivery bicycle. Without saying a word my husband piled the packages into the basket in front of it, got astride and started off. The front wheel wobbled because it was out of gear and because he has not been on a bicycle in twenty years, but he made fair progress. Now I'm waiting in the corner drug store for his return. He is here and tells me the deliveries are all made and the bike returned.—Mrs. S. Morrison, No. 1148 East 18th Street, Brooklyn.

BY THREE LENGTHS.
I saw a horse and a wagon stalled on the Long Island Railroad tracks at the East New York Station. The horse had fallen directly in the path of an onrushing express train, and the driver and others were trying frantically to raise the animal. A flagman waving a red flag ran toward the approaching train, which came to a halt within a few feet of the crossing.—Emil K. Ellis, No. 519 Pennsylvania Avenue, Brooklyn.

CHORUS: "IF I HAD A COW THAT GAVE SUCH MILK."
One of three men who walked past me on Fifth Avenue, Bay Ridge, said to the others: "We'll go to that place on the corner; they have good stuff in there." That sounded interesting, so I followed them. A few minutes later and found them drinking milk.—A. Binniger, No. 530 82nd Street, Brooklyn.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.
Visiting a friend whose wife had deserted him and their six-year-old daughter, and whom he will not have mentioned in his presence, I saw him putting the child to bed. She had finished the customary "Now I lay me" prayer and was adding "God bless papa and mama," when he hastily gathered her in his arms and tucked her in bed. Then he and I left the room, but almost immediately I, returning for my bag and gloves, saw the child on her knees again, finishing her prayer with "and God bless my pretty mamma and please send her back to me."—Miss Julie Smith, No. 377 45th Street, Brooklyn.

THE UNCOOKED BOTTLE.
The air about my seat on a Bear Mountain steamer seemed to be full of whiskey fumes and I thought some one was transporting a young still. But the wind blew aside the coatsails of an elderly man near me and I saw that the cork of his hip flask had been dislodged and that the whiskey he had been drinking was soaking his clothing. That was one trip which I certainly enjoyed.—L. Rothenberg, No. 2617 Woodbine Street, Brooklyn.

A WRONG START IN LIFE.
In a cafeteria to-day I saw a boy of fourteen take two checks from the desk when the cashier wasn't looking. Incredibly, I watched him eat a square meal on one check at one end of the counter and a piece of pie and a glass of milk on the other check at the other end of the counter. Returning to the cashier's desk he paid for the smaller check.—David Cohn, No. 89 Tompkins Avenue, Brooklyn.

A SPIDER'S RIFLE.
Having heard it is unlikely to kill spiders, I said good night to a large spider that I noticed on the ceiling of my room as I was retiring in a bungalow at Brooklyn Point several nights ago. In the morning a nasty bite convinced me it is unlikely not to kill them.—H. S. Bradley, No. 348 Clifton Place, Brooklyn.

"SHE" WAS DEAD.
Disappointed at finding no cabs when I reached the station at Belmar, N. J., in a rainstorm, I started to walk home. I was unlighted and very lonely streets to the home of the friend I was to visit. A gust of wind tore my hat off and I pursued it through the dark, feeling for it in the dark. I told you she's dead." And when the words were repeated, believe me, I WAS nearly dead—with grief. But the voice came not from a murderer, for it was a telephone line in talking about a wife.—Mrs. B. Ginsburg, No. 606 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

QUEENS
ONE FARE PAYS FOR SIX.
On the western end of the Metropolitan Avenue station of the Lexington Avenue elevated line, B. R. T., a coin receiver and turnstile take the place of an agent. I have seen two go through this turnstile on one nickel, but last night I witnessed the breaking of all records when six persons passed through for a single fare. A little girl, about seven, took her place inside the arm of the turnstile, her mother, with a baby in her arms, stepped right back of her, and the father, bearing a boy of five and another of two, squeezed in behind the mother. Thus deployed, the whole family marched in.—W. L. Sendel, No. 8731 129th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.

ON THE KING'S BUSINESS.
Evidently errands of mercy take up more of the work for the king of heaven to their important work. I saw north and south traffic held up at Fifth Avenue and 22d Street to permit a number of fire engines to cross the avenue in the morning going to the fire. But just as they were approaching, the clanging bell of an ambulance, north-bound, demanded the right of way. Up went the traffic cop's hand and the fire apparatus was held up. The ambulance had passed.—Leon Eisenberg, No. 54 Spruence Court, 88th Street, Avenue, Long Island.

ONE ON TEACHER.
I was at the Blackboard to-day putting up on the wall for the class a list of children who had been in the class. There are fifty-eight pupils in this grade and in a moment they had become almost hysterical. I called one girl to my desk and she told me she was a telephone line in talking about a wife.—Mrs. B. Ginsburg, No. 606 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

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"A FORD A DAY," FOR FOUR WEEKS—SPECIAL PRIZE—TWENTY-ONE MORE DAYS